

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE

## AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

{ GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,  
HENRY W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct. } Editors.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEBRUARY, 1862.

Term. { ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.  
Payable in Advance. }

NO. 2.

### The Gallaudet Guide,

#### DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the first of every month by "THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes (in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.)

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year, *invariably in advance*. Subscriptions should be sent to CHAS. BARRETT, Esq., care of WILLIAM G. CLARK, No. 5½ Joy's Building, Boston, Mass.

Advertisements will be inserted for 50 cents per square of 10 lines. They should be sent to Mr. SYLVE as early as possible in the month.

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#### THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl;  
I asked for her as for some precious thing,  
For all unfeeling was Love's jewel'd ring,  
Till set with this soft pearl;  
The shade that time brought forth I could not see;  
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto that deafened ear,  
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,  
Lest she might wake too soon;  
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—  
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this dear daughter might not speak to me;  
Waited and watched till God knows how patiently!  
How long I gazed!  
Vain Love was long the nursing nurse of Faith,  
And tender Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me mother, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries  
To see her kneel with such a reverent air,  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch her lips, as though our words she knew—  
Then moves her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the brooks, streams, and groves,  
All the grand music of that Nature move,  
Are wasted melody  
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void,  
While even sense hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;  
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould  
The soft white brow, or which, in waves of gold,  
Ripples her shining hair.  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For life who made it keeps the master-key.

Will's life the mind within  
Should from earth's babel-clamor be kept free,  
E'en that *His* still small voice and step might be  
Heard at its inner shrine,  
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
Then should I grieve?—O murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
Whose voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That even *her* father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!  
And while his sons are playing merrily,  
She comes and lays her head upon his knee.  
Oh! at such times I know—  
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—  
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts here,  
Even now, how could I say she did not speak?  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
And render thanks to Him who left  
Unto her soul yet open avenues  
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give  
To her defect a beauty of its own.  
And we a deeper tenderness have known  
Through that for which we grieve.  
Yet shall the evil be melted from her ear,  
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here

When that new sense is given,  
What rapture will its first experience be,  
That never woke to meander melody,  
Then the rich songs of heaven—  
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

Harper's Magazine.

The following lines came too late for the January number, but are inserted now. Many thanks to the kind friend who sent them—we hope our readers will take the moral, and not forget it during the long interval 'twixt now and next Christmas.

#### THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house,

Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;  
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care,  
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.  
The darlings have duly been tucked in their beds,  
With very full stomachs, and pain in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,  
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap.  
When out in the Nursery arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my sleep—crying—'What is the matter?'

I flew to each bed-side—still half in a doze,  
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes,  
While the light of the taper served clearly to show—

The pitiable plight of those objects below,  
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear  
But the pale face of each sick little dear.

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,  
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.  
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,  
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—

Now Turkey, now Studding, Pudding, of course,  
And Custard, and Cullers, and Cranberry sauce,  
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,  
Yes—Lollypops, Flan-doodle, Dinner and all.  
Like pellets, which uric acid from pop-gun let fly;  
Went fighs, nuts and raisins jam, jelly and pie,  
'Till each error of diet was brought to my view,  
To the shame of Mamma and of Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bed room stepped back,  
And brought out a vital marked—'Pat. Ipecac.'

When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings  
shocked her—  
Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,  
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jap's hoof.  
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,  
When the Doctor came into the room with a bound,  
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,  
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;  
He'd hardly had time to put that on his back,  
And he looked like a Falstaff half full with sack.

His eyes how they twinkled! Had the Doctor got merry?  
His cheeks looked like *Port*, and his breath smelt of *Sherry*.

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,  
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.  
But inspecting their tongues in spite of their teeth,  
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath—  
He fat of each pulse, saying—'each little belly  
Must get rid'—(here he laughed)—'of the rest of that jelly.'

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,  
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself,  
But a glance of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work,  
And doled all the rest—gave his trowsers a jerk,  
And adding directions while blowing his nose—  
He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose.  
Then jumps in his gig—gave old Jap a whistle,  
And Jap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle.  
But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,  
'They'll be well by to-morrow—good night! Jones—  
—good night!'

#### A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

Doing guard duty on one of these clear, frosty nights is what I call a 'big thing.' Standing before a huge fire, whose glimmering rays shoot into the dense pine forest which surrounds you, as if they, too, had partaken of the spirit of vigilance, and were searching for some hidden foe, one's mind is naturally affected, and every shadow and tree has an association which awakens the soldier to a full appreciation of his sentinel duties. But such a night as last night, dark, dreary, wet and disagreeable in texture—has an entirely different effect, and we clustered around the fire, piled high with searh rails which at times seemed to exert its best, light and most genial rays to spread humor and life among those who stood smoking around it. Then, as if exasperated at its failure it would splutter and crackle, contending furiously with

every drop of rain, and hiss out a strong reproof at the element which was making the sentinels so uncomfortable. But the guard must be vigilantly maintained through the night, and we dare not sleep; for you must know, Mr. Editor, that sleep courts the soldier as sweetly under the dropping rain as it does in his tent, if perchance he has a gun blanket for his bed, and his knapsack for a pillow.

I proposed a song, but the only music that could be raised was made by a little corporal, who doled out, in a most melancholy style,  
'Some days must be dark and dreary.'

This seemed to be the only song that the corporal knew, and the only one of that kind which we wanted to hear. Under these auspices, I proposed a story, and the sergeant of the guard, an old Mexican soldier, 'up and told' the following story, which I quote, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:

'Seated in my tent, one evening, just before the battle of the City of Mexico, the Captain came to me with, 'Corporal, I have been requested to send a trusty non-commissioned officer to the general council to-night as a messenger. Will you go?' I replied in the affirmative, thanking the Captain for his confidence. Our company was at the time, detached from its regiment, and was doing special duty at General Scott's headquarters.

In the discharge of that duty, I had made a point of being specially attentive, and had therefore gained the confidence of our captain, and once or twice was commended by old 'Fuss and Feathers' himself. I brushed up my old clothes, and brightened my shoes and brass plates in the neatest manner possible that evening, and presented myself to the Adjutant General for instructions. I found that the council about to meet in consideration of Gen. Scott's plans for taking the city was to be composed of all the colonels in the division, and that my duty would be to go on errands and attend to bringing charts, papers, or whatever might be required.

'Well, the council met, and I was at my post. It was the finest body of military men I had ever seen together, and when they assembled round that table, and the old General stood towering high above the rest, I could not help admiring him more than ever. After the customary salutation and organization, they sat down in the order of their rank, beginning with Gen. Wool, and succeeding each other in seats, as seniority of rank gave them privilege. It was no time for delay, and the General spoke rapidly and with earnestness, occasionally referring to some one on the right or left for information and co-operation. This carefully and explicitly were the movements and marches, the sallies and sorties, and the whole plan developed, so that every one seemed to understand. But presently a flaw was discovered, something was wrong, and I saw by the perplexed look of those around the table, that a very serious mistake had been made, but from what cause my knowledge of military affairs did not enable me to judge. A dispute arose between some Colonel and the engineer-in-chief in regard to the position and strength of some battery, and the topography of the surrounding country. The Colonel said his frequent reconnaissance of the ground, from the fact of his being encamped near the place in question, led him, even in direct opposition to the chart of the engineer, to protest against its truthfulness, and he would urge upon the General to make himself sure of the condition of affairs before he fully completed his plan. But this would not do; it was necessary that very important and vigorous movements should take place upon that very section of the defence, and without a correct knowledge of the place, no action could be carried on with safety or certainty. It seemed, in fact, to be a main point, at which position success would have to fall to the American forces. Finally, the Colonel said that there was a young Lieutenant in his regiment who had a correct chart of the defences, and a map of the demesne there adjacent. The engineer-in-chief sneeringly said, 'Very well sir, you had better send for your Lieutenant; and let us see this great

map.' The General nodded his approbation, and the Colonel gave me the name and address of the Lieutenant. The encampment was not very far away, and I mounted my horse and rode off in haste to the regimental headquarters, and found the very man I was in search of in the Colonel's tent, with draughting paper on a table before him, and sketches of the city and surroundings scattered everywhere. I handed him the note, which he read and hastily tore up, asking me if I could wait until he could borrow a horse? I told him I could, but I had not long to wait, for he came back in a few moments, and carefully wrapping up his surveys, he placed them in a long tin case, and mounting prepared to follow me. On the way he conversed with so much earnestness, and in such a mild, interesting manner, that I felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to my usual practice when on horseback. He informed me that he was a graduate of West Point, and that he had there fallen so much in love with the science of geometry, that he had made it an almost constant study, and that now he found it very interesting in the interval of duty, to make sketches and surveys of the city.

When we arrived at the General's quarters again, the Lieutenant was introduced, and at his Colonel's request produced his charts. The party were astonished at their finish and fine execution, and when, after examination, they were found to be perfectly correct, General Scott came forward, and grasping the young lieutenant by the hand, personally complimented him on his skill, and thanked him for his efficiency. The chief engineer, somewhat chagrined at this display of learning on the part of his young rival, sneeringly said 'General, perhaps this young man has some plan by which this part of the defences may be attacked.' Upon inquiry, it was found that he had a plan, which was produced with some degree of reluctance, and laid before the assembly. It was read and criticised, and corrected, and finally, to make a long story short, adopted, with some amendments by the council. This displeased the engineer, who seemed to think that the Lieutenant, though but a few years his junior, had no right to display so much knowledge of a science which did not belong to his branch of the service.

'I need not tell you,' continued the Sergeant, 'that in the taking of Mexico, a few days after, the plan offered by this lieutenant was of signal service, and that he was brevetted soon afterward.'

Here the story ended, and the sergeant re-lapsed into his 'pipe and silence.' We all looked for a while into the fire, when one of the sentinels asked him what the name of this young Lieutenant was. He slowly puffed the smoke from his mouth, and replied: 'I believe it was George—GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.'

'And who was that engineer?'

'I believe his name was George too—GEORGE T. BEAUREGARD.'

And we all smoked and looked into the fire, until the sentinel shouted—

'Grand rounds! Turn out the guard!'

#### A WORD OF WARNING TO MUTES.

On the 27th of December last, Thomas J. Willhite, a mute about fifteen years of age, and a former pupil of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was killed while on the track of the Louisville and Frankfort Railway, by a train running over him.

Willhite, unable to hear the noise of the cars, or the warning whistle, was thrown down, and run over, and his body was taken up a horribly mangled mass.

Here is another dreadful warning to mutes, who will persist in walking upon the tracks of railways. Since I have been connected with an Institution for mutes—some five years—nearly a dozen instances of mutes being killed by rail-trains have come under my observation; and I feel that pupils ought to be severely dealt with, who will, in utter disregard of all caution and warnings, put their lives in danger about railways and depots.

Little Willhite had often been told of the

danger, but his death speaks a word of admonition to all teachers, that caution cannot be given too often about this thing.

A TEACHER.

#### IMPORTING A WIFE.

GRANT THORNBURN communicates to *The Waterbury (Conn.) American* the following incidents:

In 1847 I journeyed from New-York overland to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, making my route through North Carolina and Virginia. I spent two summers and three winters among those barbarians, but never heard the sound of the lash. On a certain day I was invited to a tea party in Richmond, Va. There were present about twenty couple of young men and maidens, old men and matrons, with a small sprinkling of bachelors who had doubled their teens, who from appearance belonged to the upper tens. Supper being ended, we commenced conversing in groups. I was much amused and edified by the conversation of an intelligent lady who had seen eighty winters. She remarked that in her girlish days it was customary for captains of vessels to bring as part of their cargo a large company of men and women, who were styled Redemptionists, and were sold on their arrival by the captains for household servants and maid servants, to wait on the wives and children of the planters or merchants. They were often sold to serve two or three years to pay for their passage. The old lady remarked that she had heard her parents tell, that in the early times of the settlement, it sometimes happened that bachelors and widowers would select a bonny Scotch or Welsh lady, by their time, and long before the years of probation expired, they took them for better and for worse, for bed and for board, thus forming a life copartnership, which closed the concern.

The old lady related, with all the sprightly humor of a lass in her teens, the following amusing incident:

Says she, My grandfather came from Scotland when in his twenty-first year. He settled in Virginia, and became a merchant and planter, and grew rich. His agent in Glasgow was Alexander McAlpin, to whom he consigned two or three cargoes of tobacco every year and received in return cash, dry goods, hardware, &c. He had flocks and herds, men servants and maid-servants, hogs, mules, and donkeys. But one thing he yet lacked: he had no pretty little young wife to sing to him, and beguile the time with her prattling, lively Yankee tongue, when he came home at night fatigued with counting money and satiated with worldly pelf—for he had more of that than heart could wish. So, after a while, he concluded to take a wife as soon as he could catch one; but there was the rub; his time was so occupied with his business that he had no time to court; and worse than all he was a bashful man. When threading the streets of Richmond, if he saw a sprightly maiden of eighteen advancing in his path, he would cross the street, and pass away on the other side, fearful of being killed by a shot from her sparkling eyes. He had often heard his parents speak much in praise of the *bonny lasses who played among the heather* on the hillsides in Scotland, and a bright idea now struck him. When he was leaving the office one day, his clerk was copying a duplicate order for sundries to be sent as part of the return cargo. Thinks he to himself I'll order a young lassie for a wife, as the last item on the list. The article was ordered accordingly. At the same time he wrote a private letter of instructions to his agent, Mr. McAlpin, giving a minute description of the article wanted, as to age, height, size, &c; in summing up he added, she must be a bonny Scotch lassie, to be sent by the return of his own ship, her name on the manifest, bill of lading, &c. On her arrival he promised to have her stored in the house of a respectable widow, whom he named, and if agreeable to the parties concerned, he would make her his wife in thirty days after her arrival. If not, and she wished to return, he would pay her expenses, loss of time, &c.

When Sanly McAlpin had finished read-

ing the letter of instructions, he slowly removed the spectacles from his nose, and leaning back in his huge old fashioned, well stuffed arm-chair, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling in his office, he commenced muttering to himself as follows: The lad (his correspondent, then in his thirtieth year) is *daft* or *crazy*—he tells me to send him a wife, as if she was a barrel o' *scot* herrings—*Good kens* the fash (trouble) I was at to get a wife for myself—but I'll see what the gude wife says. (A bright idea.)

Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in counsel with Mrs. A. and B. Invitations were sent to ten matrons whose daughters were in and out of their teens, to assemble at the tea-board of Mrs. McAlpin on the day following. Each matron was requested to bring with her a daughter who was not o'er young to marry yet. All being present an hour before tea, Mr. McAlpin read the letter, and made the necessary explanations. They then sat down to tea; supper being ended, each lass gave in her ultimatum; three only were willing to embark on the voyage of matrimonial discovery—the three agreed to *draw cuts*. Mary Robinson drew the longest straw, and was hailed the *Dougie Bride*.

In ten days thereafter they were breasting the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, they entered the Chesapeake Bay after a passage of twelve weeks, which at that period was termed a good passage. In two days more they were ascending the shores of the James River, when Mr. Crawford, (the hero of our tale,) heard the ship had arrived. He manned his own boat with four stout men servants, and started to meet the ship. Mary was standing on the quarterdeck, admiring nature's wildest grandeur; she had recovered from the seasickness when four days out; the healthful breezes of the Atlantic had imprinted on her pretty face a beautiful freshness; there she stood, her cheeks tinged with the roses of Sharon, and her bonny brow as white as the lily of the valley. Crawford sprang on deck, and was introduced by the captain. He looked on Mary with love and admiration; her soft hand lay in his; he was *shot*. Crawford, the captain, and Mary descended from the ship, and repaired to the house of the widow aforesaid. On the thirtieth day of probation, the lovers were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The old lady remarked, she often heard her mother say a happier couple never lived; 'John Anderson my Jo John,' was their motto, and their song.

#### A BELIEVER'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

BY THOMAS DYER (DIED 1830), AUTHOR OF 'CHRIST'S FAMOUS TITLES,' &c.

1. Hear the best men; read the best books; keep the best company.
2. Meditate often upon the four last things: death, which is most certain; judgment, which is most strict; hell, which is most doleful; heaven, which is most delightful.
3. Set the watch of your lives by the Sun of Righteousness.
4. Be willing to want what God is not willing to give.
5. Crucify your sins; that have crucified your Savior.
6. Do you bless God the most that are most blessed.
7. Fear not the fear of men.
8. Cleave thou closest to that which is choicest.
9. Acquaint yourselves with yourselves.
10. Do good in the world with the goods of the world.
11. Improve that time which will be yours but for a time.
12. Learn humility from Christ's humility.
13. Be upright Christians.
14. Let it be thy art in duty to give God thy heart in duty.
15. Be diligent in the means, but make not an idol of the means.
16. Take nothing upon trust, but all things upon trial.
17. Take those reproofs best which you need most.
18. Labor more for inward purity than for outward felicity.
19. Live in love, and live in truth.
20. Set out with God at your beginning, and hold out with God until your ending.



## The Gallaudet Guide

AND  
DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

HARTFORD, CT., FEBRUARY, 1862.

NOTICE.—If any one of our readers has a copy of the first number of the GUIDE—that for January, 1860—which he can spare, he will confer a great favor by sending it at once to the Junior Editor.

## ERRATA.

1. In the January number, of Editorial, 7th line from the bottom, for "although intentionally so," read, "although it is not intentionally so."  
2. "Visit to Boston," 11th line from the top, for "can be no mistake about it," read "can be no mistake about it that Mr. Smith."  
A number of other errors sufficiently explain themselves.

The two mentioned are particularly mortifying; they have done us more harm than good in the copy.

Raphael Peet desires us to request our readers to excuse a slip of the pen in his article on "Mr. Day's Report" in the January number, and read "pronouncing" for "pantomime" mode.

Kind words of encouragement and advice come to us from every quarter, and we are happy to announce that the GUIDE does not suffer for want of material aid.

The January number does much credit to the skill of our printer, Mr. Toulson. He is a printer, every inch of him, and could scarcely find an equal—we could scarcely find his equal. In the hurry of setting up a printing office on so short notice, the greater part of our type being disarranged and otherwise unfit for immediate use, and our "types" being boys, who scarcely know which end up the type should be set, it is not to be wondered at if a few errors were overlooked by him in the setting up, and by us in the correcting of proofs.

Some delay took place in sending off the last number, in consequence of the list of subscribers not being forwarded to us at Hartford by the authorities at Boston till the middle of the month; but we can now promise to our subscribers their GUIDES AND COMPANIONS regularly.

Our comments on that stale subject "The Massachusetts Movement" are somewhat lengthy. We wish to have done with the matter at once, and not be compelled by the coming up of some other point, to draw it over in future numbers.

Our readers will not fail to be interested in the perusal of the series of letters from Washington (signed "Philip"). The writer is a new contributor. The first two numbers of the series have more than met our warmest hopes.

We would call attention to the low rates at which we are enabled to furnish other periodicals to new subscribers of the GUIDE—see page 4th.

It would be of great service to us if our friends would send in such stray items and news of interest to deaf mutes as they may happen to fall in with: all such should be sent to the editor at Hartford.

Correspondents are particularly requested to send in their communications as early in the month as possible: those who wish their proofs sent them for correction, must state the fact. Correspondents by sending in their communications late, will run the risk of having them crowded out by others of perhaps lesser merit.

The project of a "New School for Deaf Mutes" in New England has created quite a breeze in "mutedom" of late years, and has been the cause of much bitter personal animadversion. It was originally our design not to touch upon the matter at all during our editorial career. We considered the project dead beyond hope of resuscitation,—murdered, as it were, by its own parents,—and we preferred to leave them to their own reflections, convinced that they were none of the pleasantest. But it happens that, as we believe, a large majority of the mutes of New England agree with us in the opinion that, while the project *per se* was very commendable, the injudiciousness which directed its execution was worthy of the severest censure. We have, from the first, declined to come out in the columns of the GUIDE and refute the statements against the Hartford Asylum which the movers of the scheme have seen fit to make; believing that the wisest course was to "let these gentlemen blow till they blowed themselves out and collapsed in the natural course of events, like other bags of wind." Our friends, however, among them mutes of great influence and weight of character, have represented to us that, seeing that the pseudo friends of the scheme had their say when they had control of the editorial columns of the GUIDE, it is but just and proper that we, being of such contrary opinions, should have ours from the same standpoint.

This does not strike us as the wisest course; still we yield to the wishes of our friends, and at the same time we confess we are not uninfluenced by certain by no means complimentary personal notices of ourself in the editorial columns of the GUIDE, wherein we were represented as a "smooth man" and "soft-headed enough to be coaxed into expressing opinions which we did not honestly entertain.

After having the gauntlet thus thrown down on us, we have no proper course but to pick it up; for to decline doing so under the circumstances, would be to confess of the justice of these charges. We shall, therefore, in a subsequent article, state our convictions on the subject and if any one feels aggrieved thereby, or desires to contradict any of our statements, our columns will always be open to him. If we see the necessity of it, we will descend and fight him on equal ground; but disputes of this or any similar nature are out of place in the editorial columns, and must hereafter be debarrd from them.

## "THE NEW MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTION."

This project, we believe, first began to be seriously agitated in 1844. At that time Horace Mann and some others raised objections to the old French method of instruction, and proposed to substitute the German system (articulation). As far as we have been able to learn, the project has kept continually "bobbing up and down" since then; but until January, 1860, it assumed no noticeable proportions. A petition was then circulated by some of the most respectable deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, and, as it merely asked for an "inquiry," etc., no difficulty was experienced in procuring any number of signatures. In due course of time we, the then pupils, were edited by the advent of half a dozen very respectable-looking gentlemen, comprising the Committee on Charitable Institutions" in the Massachusetts Legislature, headed by two the leading mutes of Boston, and tailed by the famous philanthropist, Dr. Howe, and a gentleman well known to the mute community, resident at Reading, who went, as we learn from a recent number of the GUIDE, in the character of a witness against the Asylum. An investigation into the affairs of the Institution then followed; some very grave charges and many frivolous and foolish ones were preferred; but in no single instance were they supported by sufficient evidence to satisfy the minds of the Committee that those preferring them were not actuated from motives of pure malice. The result, as any one but a dullard might have foreseen, was, "The Committee reported adversely to the petitioners, who were given leave to withdraw." Another effort was made in March, 1861. A resolve authorizing a new investigation passed the Senate, but was killed in the House. Here the matter died.

We believe the above to be a correct history. If we have fallen into error or omitted any important circumstance, we should be glad to have the error or omission pointed out.

Aside from a very natural desire to see "Hartford" outstrip all her sisters, there can be no earthly reason why we or any other equally disinterested person should oppose any movement in favor of a second school for deaf-mutes in New England, in which success is possible, and where dishonorable means are not resorted to. We will take occasion here to state that we would heartily give our aid and countenance to such a movement. We are no believer in mammoth schools of two and three hundred. Two schools in the New England States, three in New York, two in Pennsylvania, and as many in Ohio, would produce far more satisfactory results than the present unwieldy arrangement. We also believe the old French system of instruction to be less effective than some others, and should like to see some experiments tried. No one who knows anything of deaf-mute instruction has failed to remark the marvellously rapid progress which a mute child of good parts makes during the first year or two after his introduction into one of our American schools, and how, ever after, the barbarous pantomime in which he has learned to collect and express his ideas, retards and discourages him. We might argue the matter at length, but our business for the present is with the late "Movement in Massachusetts."

We object to, and at the same time we protest against, the raid upon the Hartford Asylum, by means of which the movers of this scheme sought to insure their success. Our reasons for so doing are:

1st. It was ill-advised. However much the gentlemen comprising the Committee might have been predisposed in favor of the project, no man in his senses can suppose that a Legislative Committee of such a character, and, least of all, a Massachusetts Committee, would, on the bare assertion of a Boston bargeman, a Reading shoemaker, and a clerk in a Registry of Deeds—an assertion sustained by no evidence that would have passed current before a French Revolutionary Tribunal—have the folly to usurp the province of a grand jury and arraign the officers of the oldest, wealthiest, and most respectable Institution in the land for malfeasance in office, and then, having constituted itself a petit jury, proceed to try them for the offense! (To be sure a man's occupation is no measure of his worth; but Legislative Committees are accustomed to look upon the externals of present circumstances, and do not very often embody in their reports: "This embryo Vanderbilt," "that incipient Henry Wilson," etc.) To have done as above stated would have been a gross insult not only to the officers of the Institution, but also to the States of Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and

Rhode Island, which have a common interest with Massachusetts in the Institution. He persons who preferred the charges being the worst enemies of the "Massachusetts Movement," their ingenuity could not have invented a more certain means of defeating its object; for, the main point having been rested on the criminality and inefficiency of the officers of the Hartford Asylum, the Committee could not have reported in favor of the project without virtually declaring them wholly unworthy of confidence. Dr. Howe, who, by the way, is not the first man who has let his heart run away with his head, evidently saw this; for, in a speech before the Committee he said: "I think they (our mute friends) are unduly excited in the matter of alleged abuses at the Hartford Asylum."

2d. It was unjust. It was asserted that a number of the pupils had been, at sundry and various times, guilty of immoral conduct which might have been prevented by the officers. Very true. Nature's laws are violated everywhere: no community is entirely free from such violations; but we believe, and believing we do not hesitate to assert, that no educational establishment of equal or greater dimensions, from Maine to California, can raise a higher standard of morality than the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. To prevent the isolated cases of immorality referred to, it would have been necessary to convert the buildings into prisons and the officers and teachers into jailors. We refer, in the foregoing, to the four years spent there by ourself. Concerning former years we have heard reports, (probably exaggerated,) but know little or nothing.

It was charged (1st) that favoritism in the selection of teachers was not uncommon, and (2d) that some competent teachers received less for their services than some incompetent ones, for no other reason than because the former were deaf. Concerning the first of these charges we know nothing, since all but three of the present hearing and speaking teachers received their appointments from Messrs. Gallaudet and Weld, gentlemen with whom we never had any personal intercourse. But how is it that these Boston gentlemen hold up Messrs. G. and W., whom they seem to accuse of corruption, as such paragons of excellence? As to the three appointed by Mr. Turner, two of them are universally conceded to be among the most efficient and faithful teachers in the United States. No one ever denied the second charge. For our part we never could perceive any just reason for the distinction. A teacher's pay ought to be regulated by the value of his services, and not by the number of A. B.'s, D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s attached to his name. Ought any physical disability which does not interfere with a man's efficiency be considered in fixing his salary? If so, why does not some one propose to give Mr. T—— a pittance because he is lame, or Mr. B—— because he is bald? But what possible consequence could this fact have with reference to the "New Massachusetts Institution"? The male mute teachers at Hartford never complained of their salaries, as far as we are aware, and we rather think the females never went into hysterics over theirs. Its being brought forward and given such prominence to at such a time, by deaf-mutes, to whom fat situations in the new Institution would not in all probability come amiss, must have produced an unfavorable impression in the minds of the Committee.

It was asserted that some teachers at Hartford "ran away from their duties to attend to private business." This was, probably enough, true in some cases. But how did they propose to prevent a similar "running away" in Massachusetts? In a speech before the Committee, one of the Boston mutes said: "There are men to be found who will stay in their places devoting their whole thoughts and their whole souls to the work in which they are engaged." Very good. Will he now, seeing that his project has fallen through, and his wonderful discovery can be of no further use to him, be so kind as to inform us who they are and where they may be found? Mr. Turner, Dr. Peet and others will be delighted with the intelligence! The saying "Catch your fish before you cook them," has here an application.

[It may not be improper here to state that the assertion, "Hartford evaded the issue, and we could not put her on trial,"—made in a late number of the GUIDE, was literally true. "Hartford" has a dignity as well as a character to maintain, and Mr. Turner declined to recognize the persons who accompanied the Committee as other than ordinary visitors until he should be officially informed in what capacity they came, by the chairman of the Committee. That this was never done we infer from the above quotation.]

It was declared that Hartford had more pupils than she could do justice to. This we believe and have always believed to be a fact, and we indorse the declaration up to the hilt. It probably had great weight with the Committee; but it was unfortunately lost sight of under the mass of vituperations launched at the Asylum.

It was very broadly hinted, if not openly asserted, that money had been used by the Principal or Directors to defeat the Massachusetts movement. This we deny in toto.

Much ado was made about the fact that the

pupils were dressed in their best clothes; that they had been made to wash and brush themselves with extra care in expectation of the arrival of the Committee. This puerile complaint needs no comment from us.

A multitude of other charges tending to show the criminality of the officers and teachers, were preferred; but they were one and all so foolish and frivolous that we have neither patience nor space to comment upon them separately.

The whole thing, from beginning to end was poorly planned and miserably managed those who were entrusted with its carrying out contradicted themselves and each other: one recommended the separation of the sexes in different schools; while another just as strongly urged the contrary: one (Dr. Howe) advocated the substitution of the German system for the French, and cited a case where a young man (not a congenital mute by any means) after having been worked over with Dutch patience for twelve or fifteen years, had performed a wonderful exploit; while another (Mr. Homer) avowing himself to be a born mute, educated at Hartford, where he remained under instruction only five and a half years, gave the Committee a written argument evincing a literary ability which could not have been equalled by one speaking man in twenty: one and all, except Dr. Howe, who was neutral, protested their undying affection for "Old Hartford," while at the same time they were striving by every means in their power to blast her fair fame. No wonder the bewildered Committee, incapable of forming a correct opinion of a subject they knew little or nothing about and could not understand, reported adversely to the petitioners. Had they done otherwise we should have been utterly astounded.

Had there been any concerted movement of the friends of the project throughout New England, conducted on some pre-arranged system in which a conciliatory instead of a belligerent tone was used towards "Hartford," success would have been far from improbable; but as it is, the whole thing may be set down as dead and buried for the next dozen or twenty years; unless, indeed, its resurrection is accomplished by private subscription, or at the instance of the Hartford Institution.

Nothing of any very great consequence has resulted from the movement; all the results, as far as we can see, are the following: 1st. An unlimited quantity of bombast has been let off; 2d. A number of very respectable gentlemen have made asses of themselves; 3d. A few timid pa's and ma's have become alarmed at the "dreadful state of things at Hartford," and concluded to let their children grow up in ignorance rather than send them there; 4th, New England must get along with one school for deaf mutes for the next dozen years or so.

Under any and all circumstances be it understood, we have never deliberately accused, nor do we now accuse, these gentlemen of unworthy motives. In the heat of conversation or in correspondence with mute friends' we may, indeed, have said what we would not in cool deliberation. We believe that in everything they were actuated from honest convictions of duty—duty seen, it is true, through a distorted medium.

The following "truism done up in doggerel" was "fished out" of a bundle of "scribblings" dating from our schoolboy days. We rather think it is not original: it may possibly have taken its origin from one of our "inspired moments"; but be that as it may, it is marvelously applicable to the case we have treated above:

"How well it is the sun and moon  
Are placed so very high  
That no presuming man can reach  
To pluck them from the sky.  
"If I were not so, I do believe  
That some reforming ass  
Would soon attempt to take them down  
To light the world with GAS!"

It has been asked, why we, believing as we do (alas, mistaken man!) that we know enough to edit the GUIDE, have yet so seldom written for its columns; and why, one year ago, we advised our fellow pupils to discontinue their subscriptions to it? We would say in answer, we believed that there was a paper containing such gross personalities, aimed at the officers of the Institution, to be circulated among the pupils, disobedience and insubordination would become the order of the day. We therefore did what we considered our duty, in refusing to have anything to do with the paper, and in advising our fellow pupils to discontinue their subscriptions. When we left school in the spring, however, we immediately renewed our subscription. After having been selected Editor we could not with propriety write for the columns of the GUIDE; for the (then) present incumbent might be compelled, through courtesy to his successor, to insert our articles to the crowding out of others more valued.

A great mistake. The publication of the GUIDE at Hartford. Give ear, oh my people, when doth thy independence day come? Why run to Hartford every time you are in distress, as a little child runs to its mother?—GUIDE Dec. 1861.

Does the writer of the above consider it a disgraceful thing for any one but a little child "run in to his mother when in distress"? If so we differ from him. For a strong man,

even, bowed down by sorrow, there is no surer refuge—nowhere can he find more heartfelt sympathy, than in the bosom of his mother. Stained, it may be, by crime, disowned and despised by father, sisters, brothers, friends, his mother is still a mother, ever loving, ever kind.

As to the GUIDE being published at Hartford; it makes no difference where the mechanical work is done. If more convenient, it may be done at Madawaska next year. But, coming from Hartford, the paper brings a charm with it, which would be lost were it published elsewhere. Therefore we hope it will not again be moved.

"A word of advice to the Petitioners for a school for Mutes in Mass.—Pick the flint and try the old gun again."—GUIDE, Nov. 1861.

Do by all means. But hadn't you better get a new stock, lock and barrel to it? That "flint" was dirty. Use a decent one next time.

The GUIDE is not a "Religious Paper," but if there is room in its columns for civil and fiction, there is room to spare for religious and moral teachings. There ought to be at least one or two articles on religious subjects each month. We would call attention to the excellent article signed "C. H. T." in another column. It may be regarded as the pioneer religious article in the columns of the GUIDE, for in looking over our files we can find nothing of a similar character.

We are happy to be able to inform our correspondent that the little books he with so much reason admires, were written by an English lady, Mrs. Mortimer by name, the wife of an esteemed clergyman of the Church of England.

We regret to state that Prof. John R. Keep, of the Asylum, met with a serious accident not long since. While walking along in the street, his foot slipped, and he fell on the icy-covered sidewalk, spraining his shoulder so badly as to prevent him from attending to his class for some weeks. He is, however, we are happy to say, improving fast, and we trust soon to see his familiar face at the Asylum again; and that our "City Fathers" will hereafter take more care to render our streets safe thoroughfares in winter—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

We learn that Mr. Wm. Tooley, of the firm of P. Lux & Co., of this city, has been appointed Superintendent of the mechanical department of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, at Washington. We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Tooley; but if all that our city papers say of him is true, we cannot but congratulate the "City of Magnificent Distances" in general, and our friends of the above-named Institution in particular, upon their acquisition.

## MARRIED.

September 20th, 1861, Mr. Lyman E. Tripp, formerly of Charlestown, Vt., to Miss Adelia L. Campbell, both of Bowdoin, Me., and both graduates of the American Asylum at Hartford.

At Hartford, Vt., August 19th, 1861, Mr. Adin T. Reed of Danvers, to Miss Prudent M. Persons of Hartford, both graduates of the American Asylum.

At Cedar Falls, Iowa, Nov. 10th, 1861, Mr. Rollin Wells, educated at Hartford, to Miss Mary A. Knapp, educated at Columbus, O.

Col. Curt is dead! In the midst of his many unfinished schemes, of the gigantic works he was projecting and carrying on, the Angel of Death has come to his threshold, and there is another gap among us, another familiar form missing in the street, another great man gone!

Born in this city on the 9th of July, 1814, he was not yet 48 years old at the time of his death; but in this brief space he had created a revolution in the manufacture of fire-arms, and leaves behind him as his enduring monument, a long and lofty pile of buildings crowded with 1,500 skilled workmen, who are yet unable to produce a supply even half commensurate with the demand. He was gifted with extraordinary energy of character, which sustained him under his repeated and disheartening early failures in the attempt to establish a manufactory of his revolvers (the first rule model of which he is said to have whittled with his jack-knife out of a chip of wood, in the genuine Yankee manner, while on a voyage to the East Indies as a sailor-boy); and when he was ultimately successful in this, not content with one such achievement, his mind was ever teeming with projects of yet greater magnitude, most of which perished with him.

Almost the last occasion on which we saw him, was on the last anniversary of Independence Day, when we formed a member of a numerous "sidewalk committee," self-appointed to the pleasing duty of escorting our little Zouave corps from the Asylum to his Armory. The Colonel was received, when he came out on the balcony of the office building, with the usual military salute; and on learning who our boys were, kindly invited them in, and himself acted as their chaperon through the extensive edifice, after which he gave them a generous supply of refreshments. A

few days afterwards, he proved that he had not forgotten them, by making Capt. Dean the grateful recipient of a beautiful silver-mounted revolver of the newest model, with holster, ammunition, &c., to correspond; and in various other ways evinced his lively interest in them.

We saw him about a month ago, while on a visit to the Armory; he looked quite ill, but we were by no means prepared for the brief and mournful announcement which, on the 17th of last month, attracted crowds to the bulletin boards: "Col. Colt died this morning at 9 o'clock, aged 47." The next day he was laid to rest beside two of his little ones; and now, scarce a week since the frozen clouds rattled on his coffin-lid, another little grave has just been closed up in the same spot—a retired nook near his paternal mansion; and a boy of four years old is alone left to comfort the bereaved wife and mother.

Death has indeed been making sad ravages among our friends. It is barely a week since we were called upon to mourn the loss of the venerable Judge Williams, for many years the highly esteemed President of the Board of Directors of the Am. Asylum; and now two of the Vice-Presidents of that body have been removed in quick succession, D. F. Robinson, Esq., having expired on the 26th, and Mr. Samuel Tudor, on the 30th, of January. The former was looked upon as the probable successor of Judge Williams in the Presidency; and both had in many ways showed themselves true friends of the deaf and dumb. Peace to their ashes!

We stop the press to record the sudden death, on Monday, Jan. 27th, of Edward Peet, A. M., a valued instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. His remains were brought to Hartford for interment, on Thursday, the 29th.

Prof. Peet was born on the 23rd of May, 1825, in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, with which Institution his father was at that time connected. He removed with his parents to New York in 1831, soon after which he had the misfortune to lose his mother by death.

He entered Yale College in the fall of 1843, but at the expiration of his Freshman year accepted a vacant scholarship presented him by one of the founders of the N. Y. University, where he graduated with honor in the year 1847.

The winter of 1848 he spent in Paris as tutor to a deaf-mute son of wealthy parents, and had the opportunity of witnessing the revolution of that year. During his residence abroad, he perfected himself in the use of the French language, his knowledge of which is evident from the reviews from his pen which have appeared in the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, on the memoirs of prominent French instructors.

On his return to this country he spent upward of a year studying law in the office of James W. Gerard, Esq., of New York city. In the fall of 1849 he was elected a Professor in the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where he performed the duties assigned him with marked ability and success. He was the author of an Arithmetic for the deaf and dumb, which is still in manuscript form. It has been used by different instructors in the N. Y. Institution, all of whom concur in a most favorable opinion of its merits; and we hope soon to see it make its appearance in print.

He was not a routine teacher. His fundamental principle was to lead his pupils to think, and he was singularly successful in developing, to its utmost, the mind of every pupil in his class. He had the rare ability to secure, at the same time, the respect, love and obedience of his pupils.

His life was singularly pure and beautiful. He was wont to subject every act to the test of Christian principle, and there are few men of his years who could leave behind them so bright a record of goodness in the society in which they live. He leaves a wife and two children, one of which is a lad of six years and the other a babe of three weeks.

We subjoin, with pleasure, the following resolutions, which have been sent to us for publication:

At a meeting of the members of the High Class of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God suddenly to take away from our midst Professor EDWARD PEET, one of our most honored preceptors, and from our venerable Principal the society and co-operation of a beloved son; and whereas in the death of Professor Peet we have sustained the loss of an able and valuable laborer in the cause of Deaf-mute education; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the father, whose head has been bowed lower by the great sorrow of this bereavement than by the years which have whitened it; to the mother in heart, who has so long filled the place of the real mother he has joined in heaven; and to the brothers who must so deeply deplore his death.

Resolved, That we offer our heartfelt condolence to the wife in her sacred sorrow for the loss of an affectionate husband, and our deep sympathy with the children orphaned at so early an age.

Resolved, That, in view of his past acts of kindness to many of us as an instructor dur-



ing part of our course, and to all of us, at all times, as a Christian friend, we will ever cherish his memory with affection, and treasure the precepts we have received from him, as a sacred legacy.

**Resolved,** That his consistent Christian character and his many and distinguished virtues, public and private, the spotless purity of his life and the nobleness of the ends he strove to compass should be to us an enduring model, and a perpetual incentive to higher exertions.

**Resolved,** That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

**Resolved,** That a copy of these resolutions be presented to his bereaved wife, to his father, and to each of his brothers, and that they also be sent for publication to the *American Agents of the Deaf and Dumb, the Radii, the Tri-State Union, and the GALLAUDET GUIDE.*

WILLIS HUBBARD, Chairman.  
DAVID R. TILTINGHAST, Secretary.

#### BELLIGERENT NOTES.

RIENDS OF DEAF-MUTES AMONG THE SOLDIERS.—THE HAWKS OF MAUNCH CRUNK.—BATTLES IN PROSPECT.—JOHN BULL.—MR. CAMERON.—MR. SEWARD.—A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR AUGUSTUS: A circumstance that never ceases to surprise me as I move among the camps at Washington, is the number of soldiers who are familiar with the use of the manual alphabet. Go where one will, he is sure of meeting a volunteer, who is as ready to finger his letters as his musket-lock. Especially among the Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island regiments, are found men to whom it is a pleasure to converse with deafmutes in their own language. This fact I account for by the large number of persons deprived of hearing and speech in those states, and the general interest taken in their education and welfare. The pupils of the Columbian Institution have not unfrequently made the acquaintance of soldiers, who have a brother, sister, or cousin at some other school for the deaf and dumb, and who invariably seem much gratified to meet with those that remind them of dear and distant loved ones. But they were never so much astonished as one morning last October, when from the camp of a Pennsylvania regiment which had the night before pitched their tents in front of the Institution, there appeared in their playground four young men, all using and understanding the sign language with the utmost facility and ease. These were brothers, respectively Lieutenant, Sergeant, Corporal, and drummer in the same company.

Their parents were deafmutes, of the name of Hawk, the father educated at Hartford and the mother at Philadelphia. These persons in their helpless old age nobly gave their all to the service of their country. Surely such greatness of self-sacrifice, such loftiness of patriotism, have seldom been seen. The young soldiers on all occasions spoke of their parents with affection and reverence. They were enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause for which the loyal North is pouring out her blood and treasure. A lady remarked to one that it was almost too bad to take so many from one family. "Better that," he replied, "than the country be lost." Their ardor to be on active duty in the field was extreme. They wanted to fight, to have quick work and a short war, so they could go back to live under the old roof-tree before the winter was fairly over. In the meantime they were sure that their parents were comfortable, and that their sister was doing all in her power to cheer their silent household.

One day they took their departure, and I am told that their regiment forms a part of General Casey's division on the Maryland side of the lower Potomac.

A month has passed since I wrote you, a month of sunshine and balmy air. Never were roads better for a campaign, say those who have been across the Potomac. The men have been eager, impatient for the fray, hoping that each reveille would be the prelude to the battle charge. The public daily waxing bolder and more peremptory, demand that the Commander of our Armies shall let slip the dogs of war. But still, serene, unmoved by clamor, McClellan holds the war-dogs in leash. Will there be fighting? I do not doubt it. The rebels can never be subdued by an "almighty pressure"—on their purse-strings, or stomachs, a plan frequently ascribed to General Scott, and sometimes to his successor. They laugh at the blockade—they are the better for it; they suffer and are strong. "On the battle field," they say, "we are forever unconquerable, meet us there if you dare." Their confidence in their military prowess is unbounded. They believe the Northerner is a coward, and that no amount of military training can make him formidable as a soldier. We must make them feel the utter falsity of all this, not by words, but by acts. Only by passing through the ordeal of battle can our Union be saved. None are more conscious that it is mainly by desperate fighting, by bloody and terrible victories on the red field of battle that the proud spirit of the South is to be bowed, than Lincoln and McClellan. They will not shrink when the hour of trial comes.

"Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep."

If the signs of the times betoken anything, it is that the Armies of the Union will soon be moving—the Great Expedition to sweep down the Mississippi, so long preparing at the West, is already in motion. We see the up-

lifted hand, we can judge how powerful the blow will be when it falls. Almost a hundred thousand troops with an immense supply of artillery, and iron-clad gunboats and floating batteries carrying over two hundred guns of unusual efficiency and calibre, are pushing southward under General Halleck. Another army, more considerable in numbers although inferior in artillery, is ready for active service in the same region under the command of General Buell.

General Burnside has gone—we know not where. But he has with him a force strong enough to cut off all direct southern communication with Richmond and the army at Manassas. And if he does this, and General Buell immediately takes possession of some point on the Tennessee and Virginia railroad, not a very difficult operation, the rebel army on the Potomac will be isolated, and the fortifications at Manassas, Ball Run, and Centreville, impregnable as they are now thought to be by military men, must either be captured or abandoned.

Another reason why I think there will be battles is that we must gain a great victory soon if we would escape insulting interference from foreign powers. They have watched our preparations to restore the Union to its pristine beauty and perfection with ill-concealed dread and jealousy. They have no desire to see us once more powerful and influential. The United States has been a great obstacle in England's path to universal conquest. Had she never thrown off the colonial yoke it is quite certain that all America would now be at England's feet a humble province. Had she never exerted herself on the seas, the English Navy would never have known a check in its career of invincibility. The affair of the Trent, and the insane eagerness with which she seizes upon it as a pretext for war, show us how little real affection England has for us and our cause—the holiest men ever died for.

Captain Wilkes read English law-books, studied English precedents, implicitly confided in the decisions of great English jurists and accordingly took Mason and Slidell. But when this came to the ears of the British Lion, he roared very loud.—his wrath was awful to look upon. "A fig for precedents!" cried the British Lion. "Our flag has been insulted and we will have vengeance." But his roar had not penetrated across the Atlantic before two very wise old gentlemen in Washington laid their heads together. They agreed that maritime law, as interpreted and firmly and gallantly maintained by the United States ever since she became a nation, was against our keeping Mason and Slidell. They were satisfied that the triumph of making England acknowledge herself a humble convert to our doctrines would more than offset the pain of giving up two such miserable sinners.

England would have gone to war with us had we refused to surrender the arch-traitors. And why not? Never was a better time for her to deal a blow or a worse time for us to receive it. I am not one of those who believe we can take Great Britain and all Rebellion in hand and whip both at the same time. There is a chance that we might do it, as it is possible for one man to thrash ten, a fool to talk sense, or a learned dog to know his letters. If France had not come to our assistance during our Revolutionary war, we should probably have been beaten. We should hesitate long before we permit England to give the Southerners the aid and comfort France gave us then.

Simon Cameron is no longer Secretary of War. I will confess that I was not sorry to hear of his resignation. I don't exactly dislike him. I will cheerfully allow that he has many worthy, and some actually great traits of mind and character; that he has by force of will and tremendous natural energy accomplished wonders in raising and equipping our army; that the President could hardly have selected for the position one better qualified to act promptly and successfully in great and sudden emergencies; but I am only one of a great many people who have entertained suspicions that in matters calling for the strictest integrity of character and the utmost uprightness of soul, Mr. Cameron is not immaculate. At any rate when our expenses for war purposes amount yearly to hundreds of millions of dollars it is well to have for our Secretary of War, a man who, like Caesar's wife, is not only above temptation, but above suspicion.

I remember when, on entering the Senate gallery and looking down on the arena below, I would take Mr. Seward for Mr. Cameron and vice versa. But closer views and a few more visits enabled me to look on without fear of confounding the one with the other. There is considerable resemblance between them in size, height and general appearance. Both are slightly below the middle height, slender, and have a perceptible stoop. But one observes a rather striking difference in manner and expression. Mr. Cameron has a quick, active, almost hurrying gait; while Mr. Seward affects a careless, lounging one, which, when he is pressed for time, almost degenerates into a shuffle. The first has bright, restless yet observant eyes, and the sharp, concentrated expression of a business man. Mr. Seward's eyes have quite a sleepy look except when he is warmed up on any subject.

then they are radiant. His manner towards others is that of one desirous of pleasing and being pleased,—there may be a trifle too much ease. His expression observed at the right time, strikes one by its show of intellectuality. Mr. Seward is one of my favorites. I never can withhold the tribute of admiration from the man.

"Who makes by force his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden key,  
To mold a mighty state's decree,  
And slaps the whisper of the throne."

Augustus, I have a word of mild reproach to administer. The other day my eye fell on a newspaper, which bore at its head the words "THE GALLAUDET GUIDE." I noticed also two embellishments which I found on inquiry, but not from personal recollection, were intended to represent the benevolent features of Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc. Imagine my astonishment on looking over its pages, and admiring the strength and beauty of the editorials, to find my last letter printed, actually printed at full length. I must own to being somewhat offended with you for thus surreptitiously giving my composition a publicity I did not covet. I also plead guilty to considerable indignation that it should be introduced by a title that belied the deeply affectionate impulses towards yourself under which the letter was written. Let me ask, kindly but firmly, that you will not repeat the offense, not only because I dislike to appear in print, but I am in apprehension of falling under the displeasure of the military authorities for giving information concerning the numbers and proposed movements of our armies, likely to be of service to our deadly enemies. Of course you will appreciate my feelings and refrain from a repetition of the act that calls for this gentle reminder from

Yours most truly, PHILIP.

P. S. I have permitted this letter to lie by for a few days in hopes something interesting might happen in Washington worth the addition of a few lines. But, no, nothing occurs. The beautiful weather of December and the first part of January is gone. In its stead we have fog and rain in abundance, with the inevitable accompaniment of mud—and such mud! For mud, *par excellence*, mud that is mud, give me Washington. The roads are ten inches and upwards deep with it. The streets and all appearing therein, man, horse and vehicle are resplendent in mud. But half drowned as we are in the dirty substance, we can afford to be cheerful. We have heard from Kentucky, where Humphrey Marshall's horse are flying panic-stricken from the victorious Unionists, and where, we are told here this evening, a great battle has been fought the rebels beaten and their general and prophet, Zollicoffer killed on the field. This latter victory (if true) virtually forces the far famed Pass of Cumberland Gap, and will probably within a few days place the Tennessee and Virginia railway in our possession.

P.

#### THE HUMAN COLORS.

MR. EDITOR: In the January number your correspondent *Carolus* takes me to task for the assumptions which I have made, that the human features and complexions are the effects of climate.

He says: "Upon the globe, our habitation, we find Indians of one color; and negroes of another; and Europeans of a third. And we know of a certainty that as far back as we have any historical records, the people have always possessed their present respective colors." Admirable logic! But "Carolus" did not state of what color their progenitor, Adam, was. Certainly Adam had but one color. That is a fact.

Notwithstanding his lofty assertion, supported by the "historical records" which he has read, how can he account for the "present respective colors" of Adam's descendants, since we know that their forefather was of but one color? Noah was of one color. So were his three sons; and their color was of their father's. How did their descendants become Indians, negroes and Europeans?

"Carolus" writes: "No man is able to explain the philosophy of his color." Did he read my quotation of Cravellier in respect to the Pigmentum in my Letter XVII? If he did, I do not understand how he could have written that expression, which appears equivalent to a denial that the great French anatomist is correct as to the philosophy of human colors.

He concludes: "Nor have we facts enough to prove, in any case, how a nation came by its color. We have not facts hardly to make deductions from." A sage conclusion, forsooth! It strikes me that "Carolus" has failed to find in the "historical records," mentioned in his letter, such facts as might enlighten his mind on the point in question. Has he studied Chemistry? If he has, I do not understand how he could not have found the facts, established by means of analysis and demonstration. Is he aware of the fact that the human body is wholly composed of chemical substances? And also the fact that every substance in the earth consists of chemical ingredients, each of which is analyzable? Does he know the fact that the component parts of the air are chemical? If he has studied physiology, both animate and inanimate, he cannot fail to make correct, or

nearly so, deductions from the facts which that science affords, in conjunction with those presented by chemistry, as to how the descendants of Ham acquired a color widely different from that of Japhet's descendants.

Respecting the Indians, "Carolus" as well as "Senex," ought to know that the Camanches are almost black and repulsively ugly, while the Mohawks are of a pale copper color and Apollos in form. The Digger Indians of New Mexican Deserts are hardly recognizable as Indians in color, form and habits, yet they are in fact Indians. Whence came their difference in color and form?

The climates of the regions occupying the same isothermal lines are radically different from each other; and the reason of the variety of climates in the same latitudes may be ascribed to the chemical quantities of the earthly and atmospheric substances, by which the climates are influenced. The climate of England is moist by reason of the great quantity of water surrounding her; and that of France is dry and always so balmy as to invite her people to the out-of-doors pleasures—hence their proverbial gallantry, frivolity and gracefulness of motions. The same is true of the Spaniards and Italians. On the contrary, the constant moisture of the English climate keeps the people within doors—hence their love of home and indulgence in schemes. Here I must pause.

You are requested to assure your readers that I shall not continue this theme in the columns of the GUIDE, and that I shall occasionally give them matters of more general interest and easy digestion.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

#### MY AIR CASTLE.

I was so long in building it—  
It went up still and slow—  
None knew I was an architect:  
They saw me come and go,  
They knew not whence nor whither.  
They looked on me and smiled,  
And said in tones so playful  
"You dream, you dream, my child!"

I only laughed and shook my head,  
For there within my home  
I was building up the towers—  
I was arching up the dome  
Of my beautiful air castle;  
And to myself I said  
"Sometime they'll look upon it  
And repeat the words they've said."

"Sometime they'll see it shining  
Bright as silver in the air,  
And repeat their prophesying  
When 'the dreamer' dwelt there!"  
I shall look out from the windows  
With a joyous, happy face,  
Where no haunting shadows gather,  
And no tears have left a trace."

Day after day my work went on,  
No hammer's sound was heard,  
No workmen singing merrily,  
No cheerful sounding word:  
All alone I built my castle  
So strangely dim and fair;  
Quite forgetting the foundation  
Resting on the empty air.

I had no need to count the cost,—  
By alchemy mine own  
I changed the very cheapest things  
To gold and precious stone.  
In sooth it was a pleasant task;  
No Queen upon her throne  
Was half so glad and proud as I  
To see my work go on.

Well, at last it was completed,  
And letting fall my hand—  
A builder resting from his toil—  
My gorgeous work I scanned.  
I stood upon the threshold,  
With a joyous, happy glance,  
Gazed on the misty future  
And defied its dull "perchance."

But I never crossed the threshold,  
For the sky grew dark as death,  
And the rushing of the tempest  
Almost tore away my breath.  
I could feel my castle falling:  
All unheeding I fell.  
None knew that I had built it:  
I had kept my secret well.

But they know now my star has fallen,  
For I cannot quite disguise,  
And sometimes a ghost unbidden  
Will look sadly from my eyes.  
But they cannot guess my secret:  
I shall never tell them where  
I have hid the shining ruins  
Of my castle in the air.

For the Guide.

STREAKS OF LIGHT; or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year. By the Author of "PEEP OF DAY," "NEAR HOME," "FAR OFF," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1862.

This is the latest work of that admirable writer of books for children. We have read all the little books that we have seen from her pen,—some half-dozen in number. And this, for the end for which it was designed, to wit, a help to very young persons in the study of Scripture, is the superior in many respects of all that have preceded it. It is really a charming little book. In interesting subjects and charm of style, we do not think it is surpassed in the range of all juvenile literature. It was written for speaking children but it is admirably adapted to mutes, as are all the works of this unknown authoress. We would like to see and know the fair writer. We have an unusual curiosity to behold one who has such an extraordinary faculty of pleasing young folks. If any one connected with the GUIDE knows the name and whereabouts of this lady, we wish, for our sake and for the sake of others who love her dearly through her little books, he would publish them.

To all the old pupils of Hartford, especially to those who remember with what unabating interest they followed the descriptions in "Near Home" and "Far Off," during their school days, we would recommend to purchase this book. And we would recommend to them not only to read it through, but to read it over once a year. There is nothing very profound or erudite about it that makes us so in love with it; it is only the simplicity of style, the absence of hard words, and its special adaptation to all mutes. It is within the reach of all, costing only about sixty cents. And it is gotten up in a most delightful style, there being an illustration with every fact or story, which renders it agreeable to children.

We will quote one short passage to give an idea of the style of the book. But we hope we may before long, with the permission of the Editors, lay before the readers of the GUIDE, a much longer specimen. For the present, we will extract a part of the chapter on "The woman who washed Jesus' feet."

"She (the woman) loved him (Jesus) because she had done a great many bad things, and Jesus had forgiven them all. And why did not Simon love him? Because he did not think he had done bad things; he thought he was very good. But he was not really good; he had behaved very rudely to the Lord. It was the custom in that country always to bring water in a basin to wash the feet of your friends before they sat down to dinner; and it was the custom to kiss your friends when they came to see you, and to pour some sweet oil upon their heads. Simon had done none of these things to Jesus. But the woman had washed his feet with tears, and kissed them, and had poured ointment on them. And why did the woman love the Lord so much? Jesus told Simon the reason: 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.' \* \* \* But the men who sat at the table were angry when they heard these words; they thought that Jesus could not forgive sins; they did not believe that he was the Son of God; they did not know that his Father had sent him down here to be nailed to a cross of wood, and to die for our sins. Jesus did not answer these wicked men, but he spoke again to the woman. He said: 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

"Oh, what a happy woman she was! She was saved from hell by FAITH; that is, by believing in Jesus.—This is the only way to be saved. We have all done more sins than there are hairs upon our heads; but if we believe that Jesus died for our sins, we shall be saved. It is not enough to say 'we believe'; we must believe with our hearts; then we shall love Jesus and hate sin."

"A little girl of five years old once said to her mother: 'Do you know when I feel the happiest? Her mother answered: 'I suppose when you are good.' 'No,' said she, 'but when I feel sorry for having been naughty and that God has forgiven me.' That young child was like this poor woman; she knew she was a sinner, and she loved her Savior. See Luke vii: 36 to the end."

C. H. T.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR: As I have been thinking about writing for the GUIDE for some time, I will do so now; although I do not know that I can furnish a readable letter at present, yet such as I have ability to write I will retail to your readers. The GUIDE, notwithstanding the "war times" and the short time it has been in existence, has a good circulation and hosts of readers, while other newspapers, under the pressure of the times, have materially fallen off in interest. As the price of the GUIDE is but one dollar per year a single copy, and as it is always replete with choice reading matter and articles from the pens of educated mutes, all the mutes should possess themselves of a copy of it. Long may the GUIDE exist!

The weather remains quite warm here. We have had a snow-storm, but not so much snow as wind. The wind was of the hurricane style, and heaped up the snow in drifts of mountainous proportions. The traveling was provokingly irregular. But we had a change. Soon afterward, the weather woke up as soft and melting as love, and the snow disappeared under the genial rays of old Sol. The change was novel and extraordinary. The weather at the present writing, is more like spring than winter. During my whole life, I do not remember to have witnessed such mild and glorious weather in the month of December and in this latitude, as we have been enjoying.

It gives me more than ordinary pleasure to learn that the GUIDE is hereafter to have an Agricultural Department for the benefit of those deaf mutes engaged in farming. As I myself am a member of the farming community, I shall contribute to that Department occasionally. In the November number of the GUIDE, Raphael Palette made mention of three mute Ben. Franklins, and, after wishing them success, he advised the mutes to engage in the printing business as the best thing for them to do. Mr. P. is entitled to his opinions, and I have a great deal more respect for him for his labor and advice for the improvement of their condition than I possibly could have if his labor and advice

were prompted by a desire to misguide them. While I am not desirous to repudiate his suggestions, I, on the contrary, would advise the mutes, on leaving their Alma Maters, to go to tilling the soil. There are many reasons why they should do so. They should be aware of the turmoil and uncertainty of city business and the independence and safety of the cultivation of the earth. It has well been said, "Farming is safe, and conducive to health and happiness." It is the only business that will make them independent. In this business they will not have to depend upon trade for their existence; they will draw their own subsistence from the soil, and will have a surplus to spare.

The land in the West is well adapted to the raising of corn and oats, and all kinds of northern vegetables, which generally come to the greatest perfection; and the farmers can raise a superabundance of food annually, if they devote their whole time and attention to their appropriate occupations. No lands are as capable as those in the West of being rendered more fertile and productive by rotation of crops and all the appliances of scientific husbandry. In different parts a growth of valuable timber covers alike valley and summit; whilst in other parts, the timber is replaced by a most luxurious growth of grain, nutritious grass, forming a region for grazing purposes scarcely to be surpassed. Stretching along many of the numerous streams are found prairies of the richest alluvial formation, as well as plains of considerable extent, well adapted to the cultivation of grain. Corn, which is indigenous to the country, is raised in great plenty. Oats bid fair always to yield an abundant harvest. So do all other kinds of cereals. Indeed, I do not know of any business, that would be more safe and prosperous for the mutes than farming amid the generous prairies of the West.

Yours truly, P. NOEL NICOLS.

Joliet, Ill., Jan. 4, 1862.

"THE CONGREGATIONALIST" (15 Cornhill, Boston,) now has the largest circulation of any paper of that denomination in New England, and is especially valuable as a family religious paper. It is ably conducted; has regular army letters from Revs. A. H. Quint and Horace James, and a capital letter from Washington, and gives an excellent summary of war news; has a large corps of special contributors, including Rev. John S. C. Abbott, Gail Hamilton, Dr. Bacon of New Haven, and Dr. Thompson of New York; and a children's department sustained by some of the very best juvenile writers.

Just now every new subscription of \$2, secures the *Congregationalist Quarterly*, or the *Student and Schoolmate*, as a premium.

We would advise all of our readers who wish to obtain at a low price, a *New-York Weekly* which will give them the latest news, especially from Europe and the seat of war; a resume of the proceedings of Congress and other legislative bodies; reliable commercial intelligence, reports of markets, &c.; with a large quantity of excellent poetry, anecdotes, tales, book reviews and other miscellany, and in particular a valuable Agricultural Department;—to subscribe to the *Evening Post*. It is always up to the times; and the name of William C. Bryant, one of our greatest poets, will vouch for the excellence of its literary contents; while the price is only \$2.00 a year in advance. Address WM. C. BRYANT & CO., 41 Nassau street, corner of Liberty, New York.

Those who wish for a selection of the best articles in the leading English Reviews, Magazines and Weeklies, will find what they wish in that old favorite, *Littell's Living Age*, of whose merits it is unnecessary for us to speak; while our more practical friends—particularly farmers who wish to take advantage of the latest improvements in agricultural implements and modes of husbandry—cannot do better than to subscribe at once to *The Scientific American*. For further particulars, we would refer them to the advertisements of those papers on our 4th page.

CHURNING IN WINTER.—You cannot get butter out of milk if there is none in it. Feed the cows well, and thus secure good milk, and there is not much trouble in churning even in winter. Keep the cream in a warm room till it turns somewhat sour. Let the churn be scalded before putting in the cream, so that it will be well heated through and not cool the cream. Let the cream be at a temperature of 65 to 70 deg.; and there will not be much difficulty in making butter come. We see it stated that if a little rennet be added to the cream just before churning, it will help materially. We think this quite likely, as it would help to generate lactic acid. But do not put in too much.

#### ENIGMA.

BY A BOWDOEN MITE.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 4, 11, 2, 8, is an adjective.  
My 1, 5, 3, 6, is a kind of liquor.  
My 10, 7, 11, 9, 6, 13, is a room.  
My whole is one of the most experienced generals in the world.

Answer to the enigma is the August number: "Colonel E. E. Ellsworth."



Two young men, one an intimate friend of ours, started in August last to make a journey down the Penobscot river in a birch canoe. They passed over about two hundred miles. A series of interesting letters, originally appearing in the Bangor Times, we reproduce in our columns. The scenes through which they passed and the adventures they met with will be found very novel and interesting to many of our readers:

#### LETTER FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

*Escape from the City and Bull Run—A "Land of pure delight" with city noises and smells in the distance—Ride to Moosehead—A "brave volunteer" and his rebel double-barrel gun—A Scotch Ditcher—How they stuffed him—That double-barrel gun again—Smelching a Scotch Delegate at Greenville—Sail to Kineo—The double-barrel gun turns up again—The Captain's wife shoots at a scrub broom in lieu of Jeff Davis's head—Ascent of the mountain—The double-barrel gun—A Blueberry party on the Mountain—Beautiful finale of the day—The last of the double-barrel gun.*

NORTH-EAST CARRY.  
Moosehead Lake, August 14, 1861.  
To the Editor of the Bangor Daily Times:

Having been successful in effecting our escape from the brick walls, dusty streets and endless clamor of business in the abode of so-called civilization, we beg leave, through your columns, which we understand are always open to those who would plead the cause of the unfortunate, to whisper a few words of cheer in the ears of our brethren who feel themselves doomed to remain yet longer in these benighted regions; telling them that beyond the land of morning papers, freighted only with the dismal and interminable bosh of "Bull Run," whose din has even now hardly ceased to ring through our wearied brain, beyond the land of news and business, neither of which is unnecessarily cheering or overabundant, beyond even the green fields, babbling brooks and blooming milkmaids, which have perhaps constituted the very acme of their fondest imaginings of rest and pleasure, there is a land of pure delight,—the land of forest, lake and mountain—where care and trouble come not—where no hot, stifling sun waits to our happy ears, eyes and noses either the "clash of resounding arms," the vision of ragged, hizzling customers, or the combined incense of lager beer, uncurbed hives and boiling lobsters, (a la Kenduskeag Bridge,)—where, in entire freedom from the hampering conventionalities of civilized life, we revel in our destitution of luxuries and conveniences which only suggest care and expense, glorying in the chip on which, in lieu of a writing desk, even a shingle, we place our paper to write to the Times—where—but it is useless to attempt to enumerate half the peculiar blessings of this primitive style of life: our glad hearts can only extend to our laboring and sorrowing fellow mortals the invitation—

"Come to this happy land—come, come away!"

There are three of us—Dudley, Mac and myself—who intend to spend the few coming weeks after the manner of the Indians. We started from Bangor Monday morning in the Western cars, which we left at Newport, where we took the stage for Moosehead Lake. Besides the gentlemanly driver, Mr. Faver, whom we remembered with pleasure as the one who carried us on our Katahdin trip on the Mattawamkeag road three years ago, we were blessed with the company of a double-barreled shot-gun, and a "brave volunteer" in the uniform of the Massachusetts 4th Regiment, just returned from the war, who had taken said gun from the rebels. Before he had fairly got into the stage he had volunteered the whole history of the gun "that used to belong to one of them Southerners," and also jottings of his own personal history. In ignorance of the real name of this young gentleman, we christened him Lurkey Sharkey, with which he appeared decidedly pleased. He accompanied us as far as Mt. Kineo. From Parkman to Munson we also enjoyed the company of an old Scotch ditcher, who rarely saw any paper but the Bangor Democrat (which, by the by, we learn this noon that he will see no more forever,) and consequently was easily sold on any matters connected with the war. Lurkey Sharkey detailed the history of his double-barreled gun, and with various other bits of information we gave him, he disembarked with some new and very curious ideas on the subject of the war.

Arriving at Greenville about half-past seven P. M., we put up at the Evelyn House, where we found our birch, which the stage took from Bangor on Saturday. In this we intend to make our three weeks' voyage down the Penobscot River, unless sooner swamped. After a short moonlight sail on the beautiful lake, the famous gun was exhibited and explained by Lurkey on the piazza, while Mac and I occupied ourselves in smelching the Greenville delegate to the Bangor Peace Convention next Thursday, to the somewhat doubtful amusement of the rest of the Scotch occupants of the bar-room.

At nine o'clock Tuesday morning we started up the lake in the elegant little steamer "Fairly of the Lake." The sail to Kineo was simply delightful, to say nothing of the polite captain and the excellent company on board, consisting of a party of five ladies and two gentlemen who were going to pick blueberries and camp on Kineo, an Indian who bustled himself in repainting and pitching our canoe, which was slightly shattered on the road up.

and the double-barreled gun, explained by Lurkey, much to the interest of all present, the captain's patriotic lady lodging a charge from the same in the remains of a scrub broom, which was set up at her request as the only available substitute for Jeff Davis's head.

In the afternoon we ascended the mountain where with the luscious blueberries and the magnificent view we refreshed both body and soul to the extent of their capacity. After a salute fired on the summit by Lurkey's rebel gun, we returned to the hotel for supper, and in the evening visited the blueberry party who were encamped directly on the brow of the cliff, with their camp fire in full view from hotel.

A most charming sunset in the golden west tinting the blue hills on the east with the richest purple, and gilding every wave of the lake with its profusion of glory as we plied our birch to the foot of the mountain—the novelty and wildness of the scene by the glare of the camp fire, which shone like a beacon light over the water, as at a late hour of the evening, we made the rather hazardous descent of the mountain in the dark, and sailed homeward—the unequalled echoes which the immense rocky wall overhanging us sent back in answer to our shouts, and the perfect and exact imitation of rolling thunder, with which, in the stillness of the night, it greeted the sharp crack of our rifle—all conspired to form a fitting conclusion to a day of unalloyed pleasure.

This morning we visited pebble-beach, and at noon, bidding adieu to Kineo, with its well-appointed hotel, which needs no praise from us, took the steamer for this place. The last we saw of the double-barreled shot gun, it was accompanied by Lurkey Sharkey who was exhibiting as a sort of sideshow, a rebel bracelet, penknife and ring he had plundered "out in Virginia," as he stated.

We start down the river in our canoe very soon. Perhaps we may have an opportunity to write from Smith Farm or elsewhere.

Yours, &c., MICAHER, JR.

[The remaining letters of the series will appear in successive numbers of the Guide.]

—Eo.]

This letter is from one of our playmates of the bygone blissful days of pinafores, tops and marble. He is now an extensive sheep-farmer in Buenos Ayres, S. A.

In explanation of the war which he speaks of, we will say for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that Buenos Ayres "seceded" from the Argentine Republic. The other States attempted to reduce her to subjection, but caught a Tartar and got reduced to subjection themselves.

ESPAÑOLA DEL FATAT.

Buenos Ayres, S. A., Oct. 14, 1861.

MY DEAR — The runaways have come and gone; and I hope in the name of peace and quietness that I've seen the last of them. The battle on the 17th of September between the Buenos Ayrian forces on the one side, under Gen. Mitre, and those of the Argentine Republic on the other, under Gen. Urquiza, resulted in the total rout of the latter, notwithstanding that every man and horse of the former's cavalry scamped for dear life in the early part of the engagement. The runaways (Mitre's cavalry) arrived at our place next day, and all the while they remained in the neighborhood they caused me a deal of annoyance and loss.

Urquiza has resigned; his army is demoralized and hasn't a particle of fight left in it. So we have a prospect of peace in this region. Mitre is marching up through the Provinces. What will be done next remains to be seen.

The runaways continued struggling by for nearly three days, and during that time I lost — \* \* [The writer here gives a detailed account of his losses and his efforts to defend his flocks, covering several pages. It is too long for our paper, and we omit it.—Eo.] \* \* I scared off many of them with my revolver, and on the whole got along well in comparison with many others. Outside of this *Estancia* people lost all their horses and had their dwellings sacked into the bargain. \* \* Old Plummer and his wife stood it through bravely all alone by themselves; they had no *peon*. The old fellow cracked his double-barreled gun at seventeen who were making their way into the house whether or no, and yelled out (I suppose) in his jargon of Spanish and English: "*Si o como aqui, I'll shoot-o!*" That may not have been what he said, but at any rate he drove them all off!

I have now, and had at the time of the "runaway" the biggest, laziest, and most thick-headed ass of a *peon* (servant), that ever was seen; but it is shearing time now, and consequently labor is scarce and dear. I had to take him, as I could get no one else, and pay him \$300 a month. [Fifteen U. S. money is equivalent to "\$1" in South America.—Eo.] As soon as affairs become a little more settled, I shall give the fellow his quit-  
tance and live alone.

I was going to have a big *señal* soon, but there was a tremendous storm last week; it lasted two days and three nights, and I lost the small matter of a hundred lambs. I "rounded" (watched) two of the nights and had a *glo-o-rious* time chattering my teeth and dancing on the *rodeo* one night and on the grass the next. Jonathan lost ninety and Clark a hundred or more; every one who had any young lambs lost part of them.

A few evenings since Harry came up to the house at full run and said that a band of straggling soldiers had carried off the whole of Clark's *tropilla* (herd of horses). We saddled up and galloped after them. We overtook them just as Clark, Albert, Jonathan, Paddy Lynn, and others had stopped them. Their captain talked big and his men swore; but finally, on the sight of our cocked revolvers, concluded to give up the horses.

I may, possibly, scribble you something more before I send this, if I have time, or I may not, *quien sabe?* FRID.

For the Guide.

#### ANOTHER VOICE FROM KENTUCKY

Mr. Editor: Thinking that the intelligent readers of your excellent monthly, which is to me, and I doubt not to all other mutes and semi-mutes, one of the most interesting and valuable papers ever issued from the press, would like to hear from the old State of Kentucky, I trust the following will not be considered an encroachment upon your space.

I will begin with Hip, hip, hurrah for "Old Kentucky!" She has not yet severed the bonds of the Union. The home of Clay, Crittenden and Holt has not yet abandoned the paternal roof of the Federal Constitution. Notwithstanding the desperate attempt of the Secession leaders to force her out of the Union, Kentucky still remains true, and the machinations of those arch traitors, Magoffin and Breckinridge, are powerless for evil. Those who desire to tread in the footsteps of Pisistratus, and establish a despotism of the slave oligarchy, have no influence among Kentuckians; for they are lovers of constitutional liberty, and they dearly remember the precept of their great Clay, and the example of "The Great Pacificator," their noble Crittenden. Mr. Editor, Kentucky has been invaded by an insolent foe, who seeks to subjugate her free people and compel them to acknowledge the government of the Southern Confederacy as their own—to force them to own the traitor Jeff Davis, that Pisistratus of America, as their ruler, and participate in their unwholy and causeless rebellion. The sacred soil of Kentucky, the "Sparta of America," has been violated, her fields laid waste and her citizens murdered by those who were once our friends. It does not become us as men and Kentuckians to stand still and endure all this in silence. We will fly to the defense of our country, our flag and our firesides, and drive back the Tennesseean hordes at any cost.

[Our correspondent goes on at some length in a similar strain. We regret that our limits will not permit the publication of his communication in full.—Eo.]

For the Guide.

#### THE DIAMOND SEEKER.

"RAPHAEL PALETTE," the witty, the wise, the wonderful, "R.P." the funny, the fanciful, the formidable, the tattling, the terrible, the tremendous "Raphael," the "weed" perfumed, the Dutch furniture inspired, "Palette" listen ye learned, stare ye stupid! and stand aghast ye worshippers of Clio! For "Raphael Palette" has made a blunder, an egregious blunder, an inexcusable blunder, a ridiculous blunder, a blunder that any schoolboy would be ashamed of; Oh, Raphael, Raphael, what, oh what have you done!

Can it be—yes it can, for it is possible that he—before whom thousands stood in awe, and to whom they looked up as to a superior being. Can it be possible that he actually believes, and so believing, says that (shades of Plutarch and Suetonius, of Arnold and Liddell) Caius Julius Caesar, after his terrible and barely successful landing in Britain, coolly sat down and wrote "veni, vidi, vici!" I had an idea that it was Pharnaces king of Pontus and not Cassivellaunus Chief of Britain who was whipped so easily. I had an idea also that Cesar thrashed the said Pharnaces the year after the battle of Pharsalia instead of half a dozen years before. I imagined moreover that it was "Cesar Imperator" instead of "Cesar Proconsul" who wrote that celebrated dispatch. Must I bow before the historical lore of "R.P." and confess that I was in error? I pause for a reply. CASSIVELLAUNUS, JR.

For the Guide.

#### THE CHILD'S GOSPEL.

A very little girl had been early taken to the sanctuary, and taught to behave reverently there. She was told that public worship had been appointed by God, and that she must attend seriously to its several parts, till she should be able to comprehend them. So she would fix her eyes attentively on the preacher, and listen to all he said, though able to understand but little of it.

But once a smile of joy was observed to pass over her expressive face. Her eyes grew bright, and her red lips parted as if to speak. She had been repaid for her listening. In the midst of his discourse, the minister had repeated the Savior's invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

She had learned this passage by heart in her lisping infancy; but in the voice of the minister, whom she revered, it came to her with a force and beauty unknown before. Hastening home to her mother, who had been detained by indisposition from the public services of the Sabbath, she threw her

arms around her neck, exclaiming with great animation, "O mother, dear mother, I have heard to-day the child's gospel!"

For the Guide.

#### DON'T RUN INTO DEBT.

My old friend Mac, who left us many years ago, called on me the other day in great distress. He had been plundered, robbed, ruined. His house, worth six hundred dollars when he bought it, had been sold by the sheriff for less than half that sum, and not a cent of it had come into his pocket. The lawyers were all rogues, the officers swindlers, and the people generally had conspired to cheat a poor deaf and dumb man out of his hard earned property. He was about to give up all for lost, and considered it useless to make any further efforts to get along in the world. When Mac had thus delivered himself in most vehement signs, he sat down the very picture of despair. After a while I succeeded in calming my friend sufficiently to obtain from him the following facts. He had purchased a small house and lot in a manufacturing village when times were good, and had been able to pay for a considerable part of it from his wages as a mechanic. At length business became dull; he had but little to do; he had a wife and children on his hands and some sickness in his family. Bills run up at the store and the market; he owed the tailor, the shoemaker, and the doctor. Finally the factory stopped, and he was obliged to seek employment in a distant town. He tried to sell his house; but as nothing was doing in the place nobody would buy it. Duns from those he owed followed him; writs followed the unheeded duns, and executions followed the writs. As he had nothing to pay with, the house was sold for less than three hundred dollars, and his debts and costs were paid.

I then told my friend that the merchant, the butcher and the others whom he owed needed the money due to them and he ought to have paid them; that as he did not, they had a right to employ the officers of the law to get the debt, and, if necessary, to sell his house for that purpose; that now, as his debts were paid, his house gone out of his possession, and he was square with the world, I would advise him *never to get into debt again*; but to pay for everything when he bought it. If he had but little work and was not earning much, then buy a smaller and cheaper piece of meat, and make the old clothes do till times were better. Above all things he should not live beyond his income.

Mac's countenance brightened, and he protested most solemnly that he would never owe another cent as long as he lived. While putting his papers into his pocket, I noticed among them a Savings Bank book, and asked him what he had there. He replied that his wife had sent him ten dollars of her earnings to be deposited in the Savings Bank. I glanced at the footing and found she had there to her credit more than one hundred dollars, the fruit of her own industry, besides doing the housework and sewing for her family. As I took leave of friend Mac, I could not help thinking that if he had been as provident as his wife, the house would not have fallen into the clutches of the sheriff.

AMERICAN STYLE.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.—About 230 years B. C., Hero of Alexandria formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco de Caray tried a steamboat, of 209 tons, with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Inventions" A. D. 1663.

In 1710 Newcomen made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1713 patents were granted to Savery or the first application of the steam-engine.

In 1736 Jonathan Hull first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1761 James Watt made the first perfect steam-engine in England.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 the experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1783 John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by steam on the Delaware.

In 1793 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam-vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the *Saranac*, in June, 1319 from Charleston to Liverpool.

#### A CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.

The earliest reference to music we have in the book of Genesis, (chapter iv., verse 21,) where Jubal, who lived before the deluge, is mentioned as the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

Christmas was first celebrated December 25th, A. D. 98.

The first trial by jury took place May 14th, A. D. 970.

The first Cardinal was made Nov. 20, 1042. The first mariner's compass was made November 21st, 1302.

Gunpowder was first used December 23d, 1331.

The first printing was done, April 24, 1415. Printing was first brought into England, March 26, 1471.

The first Total Abstinence Society in the U. S., was organized at Trenton, N. J., in 1805.

Calico, the well-known cotton cloth, is named from Calicut, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to England in the year 1631.

The first Commencement at Harvard College took place Oct. 9, 1642.

The first insurance office in New England was established at Boston in 1724.

The first building erected in America to collect the King's duties occupied the site at the corner of Richmond and North streets, Boston.

The first cutnails ever made were produced in Rhode Island, and the Historical Society of that State has the machinery employed in their introduction. The nails were made during the Revolution.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," which was published by Elias Smith, of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1808.

The first debate in the United States House of Representatives was on the subject of a tariff.

Steam navigation was first successfully applied, Feb. 11, 1809.

The first English steamer for India sailed August 16, 1825.

The first iron works established in New England were at Lynn. The first attempt to melt the ore was made in 1843.

The first paper made in New England was produced at Milton; the first linen at Londonderry; the first scythes and axes at Bridgewater; the first powder at Andover; the first glass at Quincy.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per annum.

The first woolen mill on the Pacific coast has been set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with four hundred and fifty spindles.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.—Contrary to the general impression, India rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heat of which weighs twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery.

The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out.

The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white lead and sulphur, to give it body and firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females, on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding some 3000 pairs, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the "vulcanizing" process, by which the rubber is hardened.

A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line the shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are remelted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling pasteboard, to form the inner sole. Notwithstanding the fluctuations in the price of rubber, which has varied within a year from 20 to 60 cents a pound, the profits are great, as the demand is very large. A species of rubber shoes lined with flannel is extensively used in some parts of the country as a substitute for the leather shoe.

OPPOSITION MEETING.—When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him and asked him if he knew that John Boles "had started an opposition meeting."

"No," said he, "when—where?"

"Why at the old court house."

"O yes, I know it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists, to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear them."

"Go," said the man, "I'm a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. Strong, "but that need not prevent us wishing them well. You had better go."

"No," said the man with energy "I shan't go near them. Dr. Strong, ain't you going to do something about it?"

"What?"

"Stop it, can't you?"

"My friend," said the doctor, seriously "John Boles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

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